

BATMAN  
No. 23

JUNE...JULY  
TEN CENTS



# BAT-MAN



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LEADING COMICS  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS  
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE\*

\*Because the West Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year; and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

"AGAIN, THE MEN,  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF  
AMERICA ARE BEING  
CALLED TO FIGHT  
FOR FREEDOM AND  
DEMOCRACY!

"...OUR ENEMIES THINK  
I'M JUST A STATUE OF  
COLD DEAD METAL!

"...BUT YOU KNOW I AM  
THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA  
IN ALL OF YOU--WORKING,  
FIGHTING, SACRIFICING...  
--THAT LIBERTY MAY  
LIVE FOREVER!"



# BUY MORE WAR BONDS and STAMPS





# BATMAN

## ROBIN



**A WORLD GONE MAD! A CITY TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN TO SPILL ITS WEALTH INTO THE LAP OF THAT DEVILISH DEALER IN DEADLY JESTS—THE JOKER! BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, MATCH THEIR KEEN WITS AND STEEL-TAUT MUSCLES AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL TOMFOOLERY OF THE FEARFUL FAVOR IN A SETTING THAT PERIES THE LAWS OF GRAVITY! HERE IT IS—THE STRANGE TALE OF HOW BATMAN BATTLES AGAINST EVIL IN A CITY TURNED TOPSY-TURVY BY THE...**

**THE UPSIDE DOWN CRIMES!**

DOWN THE AVENUE OF ANETH STROLLS THAT MAD WASTEFUL OF ANETH—THE JOKER!

HERE Y'ARE FOLKS! STEP INSIDE AND FORGET YOUR CARES! IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO BE FOOLED...

FUN IT FOOLED!! THAT GUY'S STEALING MY LIFE! HAT HAT! LET'S SEE IF HE CAN MAKE US LAUGH!



INTO THE MIRTH HOUSE, WALKS  
THE FABULOUS FUNSTER...

HAT HAT!  
SLIGHTLY  
FUNNY?  
HAT HAT!

STAGGERING DIZZILY OUT OF  
THE ROTATING "BARREL OF FUN",  
THE JOKER FINDS HIMSELF  
IN A WEIRD NEW WORLD...



WOW!  
WHAT'S HAPPENED!  
I'M SEEING UPSIDE-  
DOWN!

ALREADY  
THE EVIL  
BRAIN  
OF THE  
CRIME  
CLOWN  
IS  
WATCHING  
NEW  
PLOTS  
INSPIRED  
BY HIS  
UPSIDE-  
DOWN  
ADVENTURE...

OH,  
LOOK  
AT THE  
CLOWN!  
THEY'RE  
SO  
FUNNY!

NOT NOT! YOU THINK  
ANYTHING UPSIDE-  
DOWN IS FUNNY?  
BUT IT'S GIVEN ME  
A BRILLIANT IDEA!  
I'LL SOON HAVE  
EVERYONE IN GOTHAM  
CITY STANDING ON  
HIS HEAD!



DOOPEY  
WATCH OUT  
BELOW! I'M  
GLIDING TO  
HOME BASE?  
HAT HAT!



LOOKS LIKE THE  
BARREL'S ROLLING  
ME OUT! HATHAT!



REGAINING HIS MENTAL  
BALANCE, THE LAUGHING  
LAWBREAKER REALIZES  
THAT HE IS IN THE MOST  
BIZARRE OF ALL FUN  
SPOTS -- THE UPSIDE-DOWN  
ROOM!

HAT HAT! THAT JOKE  
NEARLY STOOD ME  
ON MY EARS! NOT BAD  
FOR AMATEURS!

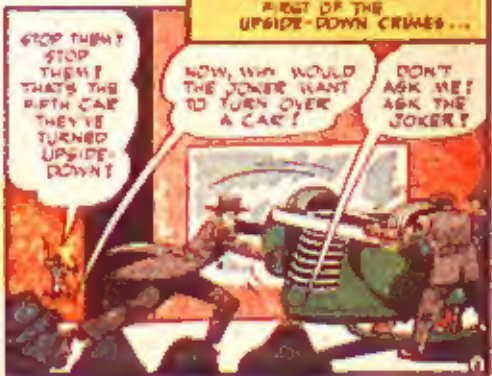


AND THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM  
CITY VIEWS THE  
FIRST OF THE  
UPSIDE-DOWN CRIMES...

STOP THEM!  
STOP THEM!  
THAT'S THE  
FIFTH CAR  
THEY'VE  
TURNED  
UPSIDE-  
DOWN!

NOW, WHY WOULD  
THE JOKER WANT  
TO TURN OVER  
A CAR?

DON'T  
ASK ME!  
ASK THE  
JOKER!







BUT THIS IS ONLY THE MAD  
BEGINNING OF THE NEXT DAY...



SEE, MADGE,  
AUNT HE  
WUNNERFUL!

HEY!  
AUGH!

HAT HAT  
THIS WILL  
SEND YOU  
KEELING!

MY  
GOODNESS!

THE CONTROL  
MAN MUST  
BE DUFFY!

HAT HAT  
LOVE TURNS  
THE WORLD  
UPSIDE-DUFFY!



AND THE HARLEQUIN OF  
CRIMES' MAD 'UPSIDE-  
DOWN' FEANES CONTINUE...



MADGE  
ART SURE  
IS CRAZY!

HAT HAT  
MINE IS  
THE GREATEST  
ART OF ALL!

BOY, YOU  
HAVE TO STAND  
ON YOUR HEAD  
TO SEE THIS  
EXHIBIT!

THE BRAIN-WHIRLING FEANES ARE  
CLIMAXED BY A CRYPTIC  
MESSAGE SMOKE-SCRAWLED  
ACROSS THE SKY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CRIME  
KING'S HIDEOUT...

THIS IS FUN,  
BOSS,  
BUT  
WHAT'S  
THE IDEAL?

YEAH,  
BOSS?  
WHAT'RE  
WE  
GETTIN'  
OUT OF  
THESE  
CRAZY  
TRICKS?

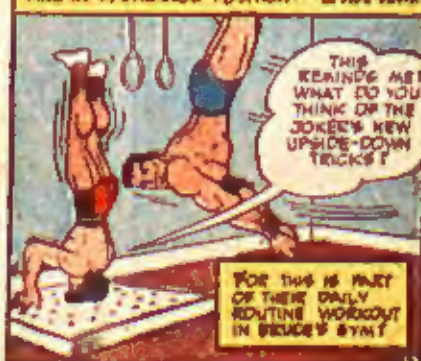
SILENCE,  
YOU FOOLS!  
THE JOKER  
ALWAYS  
PUTS A  
SPIN INTO  
HIS JESTS!  
TONIGHT,  
WE PULL  
OUR FIRST  
JOB!



HERE, SNIPES, YOU  
TAKE THIS MESSAGE  
TO POLICE HEAD-  
QUARTERS! HAT HAT  
WILL BATMAN BE  
PIZZY WHEN I GET  
THROUGH WITH HIM!



IN ANOTHER PART OF GOTHAM CITY...  
TWO LITTLE-LIMBED YOUNG MEN, BRUCE  
WAYNE, AND HIS WAID, DICK GRAYSON,  
ARE IN A STRANGE POSITION---UPSIDE-DOWN!



THIS  
REMINDS ME  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF THE  
JOKER'S NEW  
UPSIDE-DOWN  
TRICKS?

FOR THIS IS PART  
OF THEIR DAILY  
ROUTINE WORKOUT  
IN BRUCE'S GYM!





CLOAKS UNFURLED BEHIND THEM, THE DYNAMIC DUO STREAMS TOWARD THEIR PLANE...

RIGHT, ROBIN! AND SINCE THE JOKER'S DOING EVERYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN, HIS MESSAGE MEANS NIGHT INSTEAD OF MORNING, AND PINKHOUSES INSTEAD OF BARRAQUES! COME ON--- WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT... THE HISS OF SLEEPING VAPORS FROM THE JOKER'S GAS GUN...

HAT HAT PLEASANT DREAMS MY FRIENDS! WHILE YOU SLEEP, I SHALL WORK!

AND SWIFTLY, QUIETLY, HE WORKS WITHIN THE SILENCED ROOM...

THIS IS FUN, BOSS! BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!

HAT HAT YOU'LL GET PLENTY VERY SOON!

WHAT'S THIS? A PRICELESS GEM EMBEDDED IN THE BASE OF EACH CAUCERY?

NOW TO RE-PLACE THE GEMS WITH MY GLASS SUBSTITUTES! THE FOOLS WILL THINK THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER UPSIDE-DOWN PRANK! HAT HAT HERE COMES BATMAN--- JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE!

LIKE STEERING METEORS, THE CLOAKED DEFENDERS OF JUSTICE HURL THEMSELVES AT THE JOKER'S HIRLINGS...

HUGG MEET MATT? BOY-TONING UP!

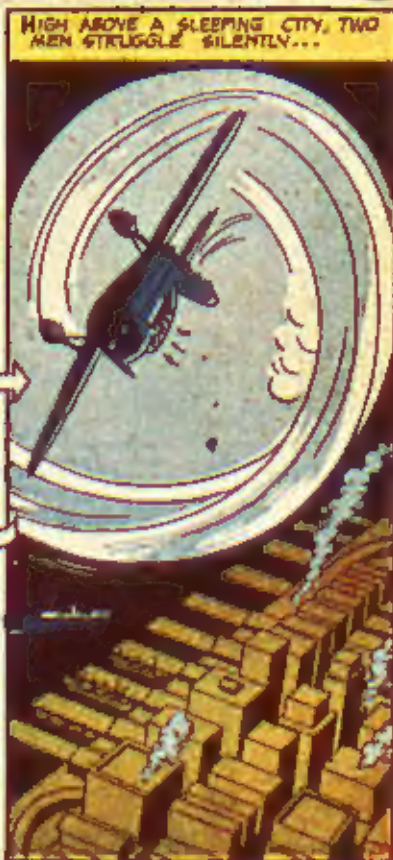
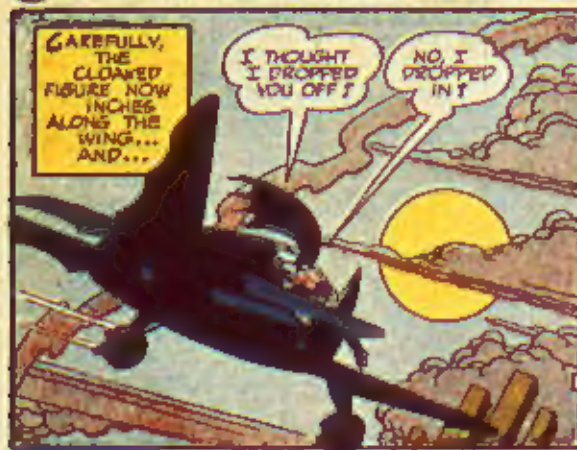
UGG

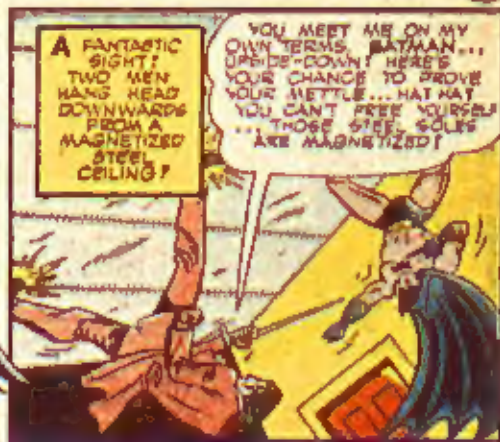
THIS IS A NICE FEAT, IF YOU CAN DO IT?

LIKE AN AVENGING FURY, BATMAN LEAPS FOR THE VANISHING JOKER...









THIS STARTS THE ODDEST BATTLE IN HISTORY... JUSTICE AGAINST EVIL... KEEN WITS AGAINST TRICKERY... WHILE TWO MEN HANG SUSPENDED...



DESPERATELY, BATMAN SWINGS FORWARD...



TWO BODIES SWAY MADLY IN A DIZZY DANCE OF DEATH...





BUT  
 THE  
 FIVE  
 THEM

IT WAS SIMPLE ROBIN: AT THE PARTY THE JOKER KNOCKED ME BACKWARDS AND IN MADE ME ONE OF THE SUGGEST I WAS VERY STUCK ON THE BOTTOM. AND THE BIG CENTER RUBY AWAY WHEN I TOUCHED IT DIDN'T MAKE ME TO INVESTIGATE!

WHEN I WAS AT THE  
COASTS, NICELY  
JUST AS I RECOGN-  
IZED CONCLUSIONNESS  
I SAW THAT THE  
GEM WAS UNDER A LOOSE  
FLOOR BOARD! AND  
HERE THEY ARE!

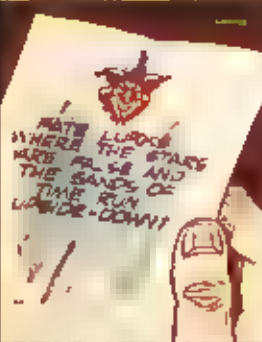
USE OF YOUR  
MESSAGE FROM  
THE SMOKE  
BATTLE PLANE RAC-  
ON MEN RACED  
OVER TO THE  
JOKER'S  
MANGUET !!  
BUT THE  
JOKER  
AND HIS  
MEN HAD  
ALL  
CLEARED  
OUT!

THE SPECIAL AGENT ABOUT THAT IT WAS NO NEAR HE COULD HAVE USED TO BURN OFF HIS RIBS-- AND THEN BURNED THROUGH THE LOCK ON THE STEEL DOOR THE AGENT HE CAN EXPECT TO HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN

PEAR FROM  
H. M. 1904



DAYS PASS... THEN ONCE AGAIN... A CRYPTIC MESSAGE FROM THE MAD MERRYMAKER!

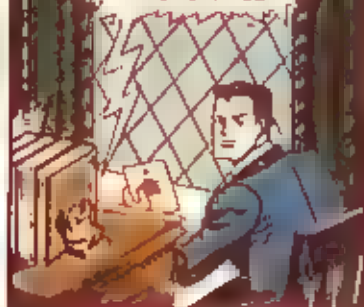


BOY! THE JOKER IS GETTING POETIC! DO YOU THINK HE'S PLANNING TO PULL A JOG AT THE BEACH CLUB?

NOPE! IT WON'T BE AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT!



TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, FOLKS! DRESS AS YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR AND COME TO THE HOUR GLASS NITE CLUB'S ANNUAL BALL!



YOUR GLASS CLUB, MOVIE STAR BALL...  
I'VE GOT IT! TIME FOR DESSERT! LATER, ROBIN WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

AW, GEE? IT'S STRAWBERRY, TOO! I'LL GET THAT!  
JOKER... SPOILING MY DESSERT!



ONCE MORE, LIKE SILENT SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN RACE SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DARKENED CITY STREETS.



SAY—WHAT'S THE HURRY? AND INCIDENTALLY, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WE'RE GOING TO THE HOUR GLASS NITE CLUB. \*SANDS OF TIME RUN UPON DOWN\* MEANT AN HOUR GLASS? \*STARS ARE FALLING\* MEANT THE BALL TONIGHT WHERE EVERYONE WILL COME AS A MOVIE STAR!

AT THE HOUR GLASS, WHERE SOCIETY'S ELITE COME COSTUMED AS "STARS FOR A NIGHT!"



WEE GARDIO, MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?

NO, FLAT FEET! I WSH TO BE ALONE!

A GALAXY OF MAKE-BELIEVE MOVIE FOLK REVEL IN DANCE AND MERRIMENT...

WHILE A MORE SINISTER MANTLED FIGURE LURKS QUIETLY IN A SECLUDED CORNER...



HAS FOOLS! DANCE WHILE YOU LAST! AT MIDNIGHT, RATE'S WORKERS WILL WREAK HAVOC AMONG YOU!



HAT HAT AND THERE'S  
LATHAM ONE RING  
THE FIVE RINGS  
HE LADY IN THE GOWN  
TUNED UP THAT



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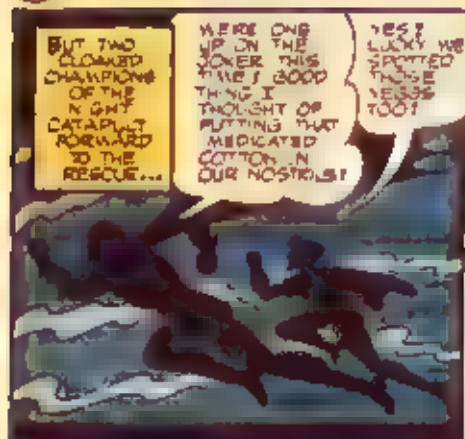


... AND AN EERE VOICE TALKS INTO THE DARK,  
AS A SUDDEN BLAST OF WIND THROWS THROUGH THE  
ROOM, TURNING IT TOPSY TURVY.

工 人 之 友

17 JAN 1963

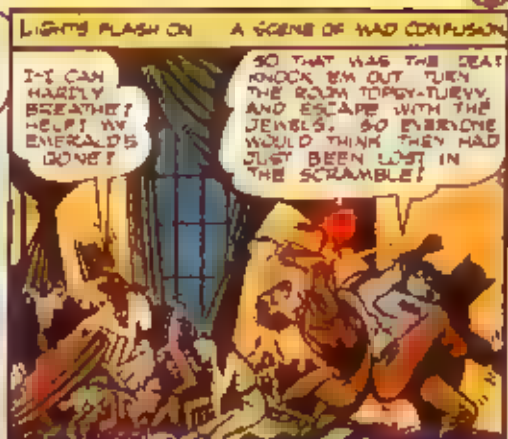




BUT TWO  
CLAMORED  
CHAMPIONS  
OF THE  
NIGHT  
CATAPULT  
FORWARD  
TO THE  
RESCUE...

WE'RE ONE  
UP ON THE  
JOKER THIS  
TIME! GOOD  
THING I  
THOUGHT OF  
PUTTING THAT  
MEDICATED  
COTTON IN  
OUR NOSTRILS!

YES!  
LUCKY WE  
SPOTTED  
THOSE  
VEGAS  
TOOT!

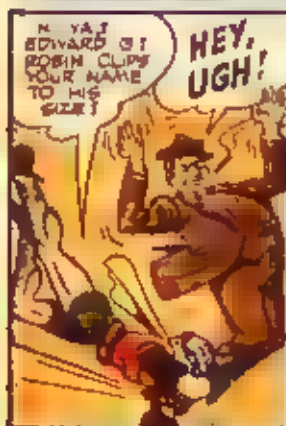


LIGHTS FLASH ON

A SCENE OF MAD CONFUSION

I-I CAN  
HARDLY  
BREATHE!  
HELP! MY  
EMERALDS  
GONE!

SO THAT WAS THE DEAL!  
KNOCK 'EM OUT, TURN  
THE ROOM TOPSY-TURVY  
AND ESCAPE WITH THE  
JEWELS. SO EVERYONE  
WOULD THINK THEY HAD  
JUST BEEN LOST IN  
THE SCRAMBLE!



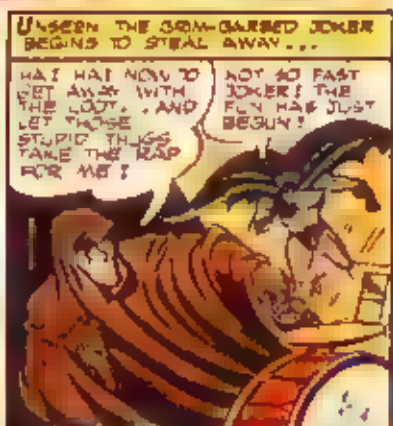
MY YAT  
EDWARD G!  
ROBIN CLIPS  
YOUR NAME  
TO HIS  
SUZIE!

HEY,  
UGH!



HAVE  
YOU  
TWO  
SAD  
AC CROS  
MET?

LOOK!  
IT'S REALLY  
BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!



UNSEEN THE GUN-BARRED JOKER  
BEGINS TO STEAL AWAY...

HAI HAI NOW TO  
GET AWAY WITH  
THE LOOT... AND  
LET THOSE  
STUPID THINGS  
TAKE THE TRAP  
FOR ME!

NOT SO FAST  
JOKER! THE  
FUN HAS JUST  
BEGUN!



HAVE YOU  
DONE YOUR  
PRACTICE  
TODAY?

WAKE UP MISS ER  
SHREVE! YOU'RE  
NOT HURT  
BEEN KNOCKED  
OUT A BIT!



LET'S  
EVEN UP  
THE SCORE,  
PAL!

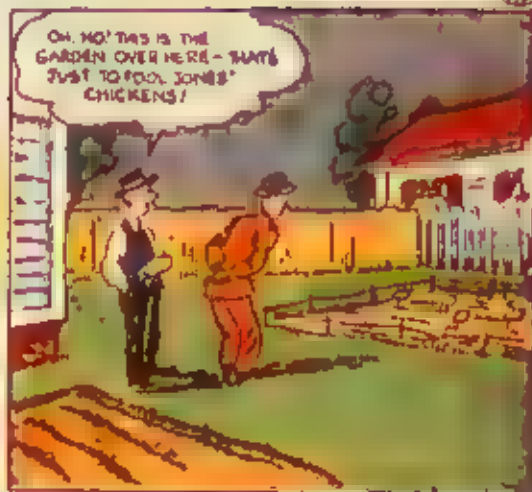






# Life's Little Laffs

by HOWLMEAN





**ESCAPE FROM TWO-WAY DEATH!!**

MEN, THIS COURSE IS A REAL TEST UNDER FIRE YOU'RE TO CRAWL THROUGH THAT AREA LIVE AMMUNITION WILL BE SHOT LESS THAN 1 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. STAY DOWN OR ELSE!

OH-HO- REAL BULLETS?

OH-HO-  
REAL  
BULLETS?

OK PAL - FIRST ONE  
THROUGH WINS A  
ROYAL CROWN COLE  
AND 'LL HAVE  
ONE TOO!

WOW! A RATTLESNAKE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING BEFORE QUICK E SEES IT SO CLOSE TO HIM. WE'LL JUMP UP RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE

REACHING OVER, HE GRABS THE POISONOUS REPTILE  
BEHIND THE JAWS

YUH!  
OH MY  
GOSH!

QUICK  
THAWING,  
"REC"

FORGET IT ALL, BUT  
DON'T FORGET I WON  
SOMETHING  
FROM YOU.

GOOD? WHY, QUICKIE,  
THIS IS THE BEST  
TASTING COLA YOU CAN  
GET, AND TO MOVIE STARS  
BACK ME UP

FAMOUS FILM CONTOY MOOL GAYLON

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO!  
IT SURE TASTES BEST!

[illegible]

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**  
Best by Taste-Test! 5¢



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

THE BOY WONDER

ADVENTURE IS HIS DAILY ROUTINE. MENACE IS THE CHALLENGE THAT'S NEW  
HIM TO DAZZLING ACTION. PERIL IS THE SPICE THAT GUARANTEES THE FUN!  
YOU'VE SEEN THE RECKLESS, ROLLOUTING ROBIN TAKE THEM ALL IN STIDE  
FIGHT NO BEE DE THE BAT. NO BATMAN TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE  
FOR DECENT PEOPLE? BUT NOW A NEW INGREDIENT IS ADDED TO THE  
MIXTURE-- ROMANCE-- AND THE RESULT'S GUARANTEED TO SPOIL  
YOU AS THE BOY WONDER DARTS ALONG DANGEROUS PATHS OF DANGER,  
DARING DEATH FROM DANGEROUS GUNS TO RESCUE A LEBY PEBBY  
CITY--

**"DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!"**







YOU'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE  
AND YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN—  
THE MIGHTY BATMAN'S DARING  
YOUNG COMRADE IN  
COMBAT ROBIN!



HOW'M I DOING,  
BATMAN?

NICE  
TAKING  
REALLY!

A PERFECT FIGHTING TEAM, THESE  
TWO, JEARED TO BRUT-SECOND  
FEETS ON!

LUCKY WE  
HAPPENED  
ALONG JUST AS  
BUGS CONKUN  
DECIDED TO ROB  
THE STORE IN ROBIN!

LUCKY,  
YES—  
BUT NOT  
FOR  
BUGS!

BUGS CONKUN UNDERWORLD  
KNOPIN VALUES NO GUN  
EVEN ABOVE HIS GOTTEN GONES.

WE CAN'T LUCK  
THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!  
FORGET THE SWAG,  
AND LET'S  
SCREAM!



I DIDN'T EXPECT  
THEM TO  
START RUNNING  
SO SOON--BUT HERE  
COME THE  
POLICE!

TOO LATE!  
THE RATS  
ARE LEAVING  
THE LOT!  
BUT THEY'RE  
GETTING NO  
AWAY!

IF ONLY  
WE HAD  
THE  
BATMOBILE  
HANDY!

BUT WE  
HAVEN'T! BUGS  
IS A CUNNING  
AND DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL AND  
I HAVE A  
HUNCH THE  
LAW WON'T GET  
HIM THIS TIME

BUT WE'LL GET  
HIM IF IT TAKES  
FROM NOW TILL  
OUR WHISKERS  
ARE A FOOT  
LONG! EH ROBIN?

HERE'S  
MY HAND  
ON IT!



SO MUCH FOR THE LAUGHING LAD WHO THEVES ON HIGH ADVENTURE - BUT WE MUSTN'T FORGET THAT ROBIN IS HERE, EVEN AS YOU AND I?

LIKE SOME MILLIONS OF OTHER AMERICAN YOUNGSTERS HE MUST PUT SCHOOL AHEAD OF ALL OTHER BUSINESS.

AND IF ROMANCE SOMETIMES INTERUDES EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF LESSONS - WELL, THAT'S HUMAN ENOUGH ISN'T IT?

WAKE UP DICK! IT'S HALF PAST SEVEN!

HUH?.. SO SOON? SEEMS AS IF I JUST HIT THE HAY!



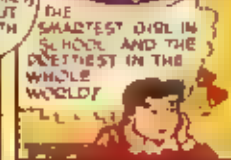
LEADING A DOZABLE LIFE IS TOUGH ENY BUT YOU KNOW OUR BAWWAIN - F YOU DON'T GET GOOD MARKS IN SCHOOL YOU DON'T GO CROOK CHASING!

NO HMM! IT'S TOLUGH SOMETIMES BRUKE - BUT IT'S WORTH IT!



MAD TODY WILL YOU TRANSLATE THIS LATIN PHRASE?

IT MEANS, "TO THE STADS THROUGH DIFFICULT ESY!"



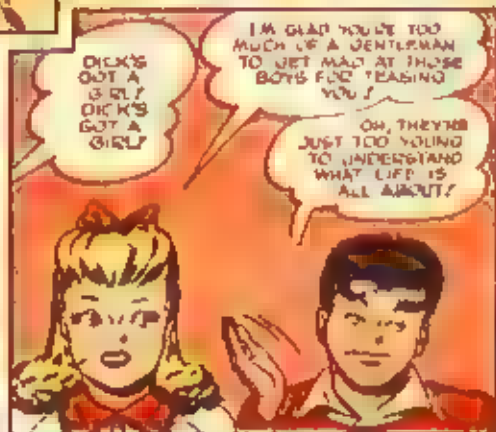
SHE SMARTEST GYRL IN SCHOOL AND THE DRETTEST IN THE WHOLE WOOLDF



WHEN CLASSES ARE DISMISSIED

MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS AGAIN, MARJORY?

WHAT A SILLY QUESTION, DICK GRAYSON! YOU KNOW ID FEEL AWWFUL IF YOU DIDN'T!



DICK'S GOT A GYRL? DICK'S GOT A GYRL?

I'M GLAD YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO GET MAD AT THOSE BOYS FOR TEASING YOU!

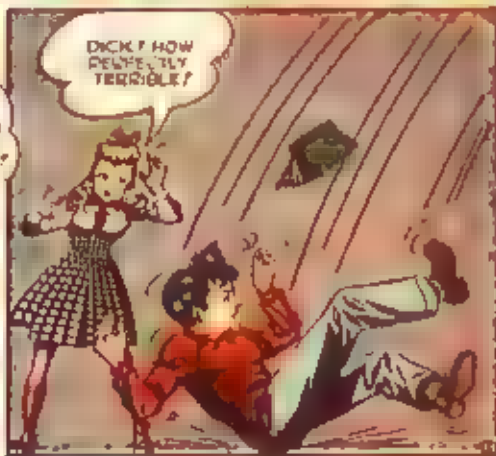
OH, THEY'RE JUST TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT!



EVEN SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN BOYS HAVE BEEN QWIKING THE G YRCKS TO ADDRESS THEIR BEST G GLS - AND DICK IS NO EXCEPTION!

WONDERFUL! BUT AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF?

NOW LOOK WHO'S ASKING SILLY QUESTIONS?



DICK! HOW DEPLETELY TERRIBLE!



AN EXPENSIVE SEDAN SWOONED TO THE CURB



DAD!

HELLO  
MAD DOG  
DID YOU HIDE  
YOURSELF DICK?

DR. OWENPORT  
N NO DID NOT  
A BIT

WOTS DA PEA STOVIN  
ON ACCOUNT O DA BEAT?  
DIDNT I TELL YA DIS WAS  
A EMERGENCY?



ER IVE GOT  
A HURRY CALL  
MAD DOG I'LL  
SEE YOU LATER  
AT HOME

WNT YOU THINK  
DAD LOOKED FUNNY  
WAS HE  
WORRIED?

ANY  
DO FOR WOULD  
BE WORRIED  
ABOUT AN  
EMERGENCY  
EVEN YOUR  
DAD THE BEST  
SQUAD N  
GOTHAM CITY



AT HANDED I ME

WE HELL WE TAKE  
DNT COULD I MOTHERS  
BAT MAN AND I  
POSSIBLY TO GO TO  
A WIFE WITH ME?

OF  
KIDDE  
I WNT  
FORGET



SHE WERE MET  
ISNT IT WONDERFUL?  
RU WHY WU I HAD  
TO FALL IN FRONT OF  
HIS WAD I'LL  
THINK I'M JUST  
ANOTHER CRAZY KID



DR. OWENPORT HOWEVER HAS OTHER THINGS TO  
THINK ABOUT AT THIS MOMENT



FLOP  
25

TRY SOMETHING  
PENNY AN I  
FLOP YAT

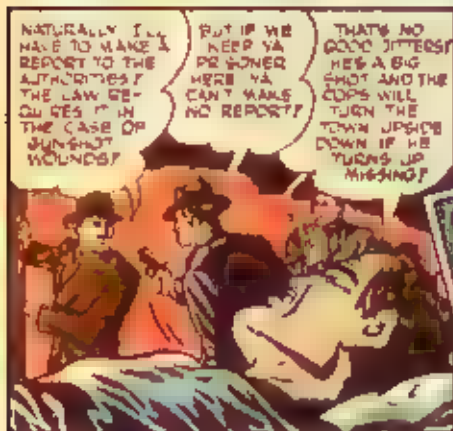
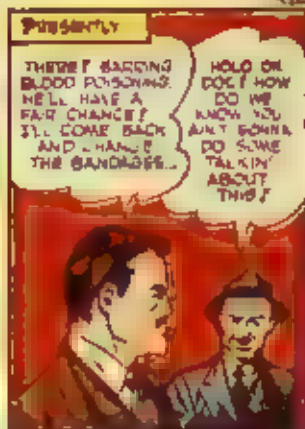
YOU RE  
A FLIP AS  
ME AT A  
WOMAN NO  
DONT OLDS  
NEED A WIFE  
N H WDS YER  
BEAT N WTS SEE  
ANY HURRY WNT

AND A WIFE OF INTERESTED N THE IDENTITY  
OF THE H WERE ONE

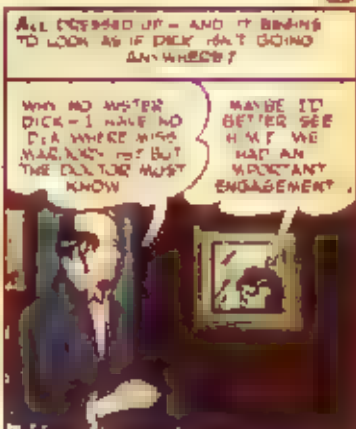
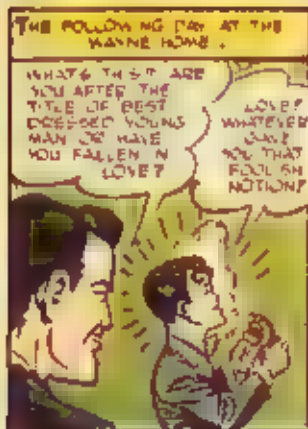


I CANT STAND T  
LOOK T E DMS  
N KID ME

TAKE I EASY BUDD?  
YERS HAS WONE  
AFTER THE BEST DOO  
N TOWN I'LL  
EN YA LP BETTER  
YA WAS BEFORE THE  
LOPS SHOT YAT



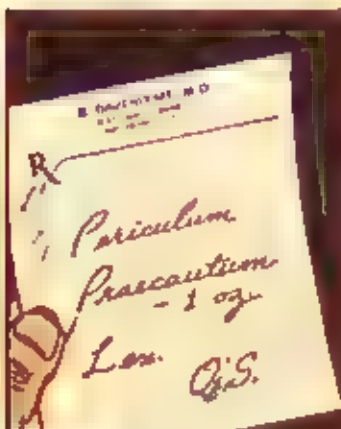






OUTSIDE AGAIN

THAT THIS IS STANDING  
GUARD OVER THE DOCTOR?  
HE KNOWS I HAVE NO  
COLD SO THIS PRESCRIPTION  
MUST BE A MESSAGE.

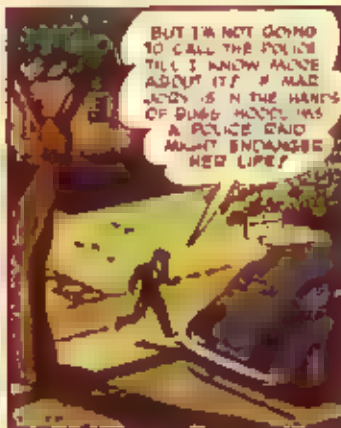


DICK'S SCHOOLING PAYS A  
DIVIDEND

THOSE ARE LATIN WORDS  
BUT HEY'RE NOT THE  
NAMES OF RECKINESS?  
PERICULUM MEANS  
DANGER. PRECAUTION  
MEANS "CAUTION". LEX  
IS "LAW" - AND Q.S.  
MEANS QUANTUM  
SUFFICIENT OR "AS MUCH  
AS NECESSARY".



WHAT HE MEANS IS  
"DANGER? USE AN OUNCE  
OF CAUTION? CALL THE COPS  
— AND MAKE SURE  
THERE ARE ENOUGH?"  
IT'S A PRESCRIPTION  
FOR TROUBLE ALL RIGHT—  
AND I'M GOING TO  
FILL IT!



BUT I'M NOT GOING  
TO CALL THE POLICE  
TILL I KNOW MORE  
ABOUT IT! A MAN  
NAMED JONES IS IN THE HANDS  
OF DUGG MODEL HAS  
A POLICE RAIN  
MIGHT ENDANGER  
HER LIFE!



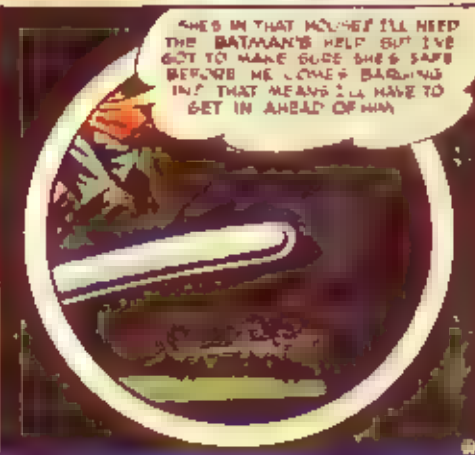
IF THEY'VE MUST NEED  
I'LL TAKE THEM WITH  
THEM I'VE NEVER  
BEEN BOY?

A SWIFT DRIVE ACROSS THE CITY - AND AS THE  
CAR FINALLY COMES TO A HALT THE COURAGE  
OUR BOY FEELS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE

DON'T FORGET DOL-TOY  
TO PULL A FAST ONE AN  
BOTH YOU AN YER  
DAUGHTER GETS IT  
N DA NEST!



SHE'S IN THAT HOUSE I'LL NEED  
THE BATMAN'S HELP BUT I'VE  
GOT TO MAKE SURE SHE'S SAFE  
BEFORE HE COMES BARLING  
IN! THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO  
GET IN AHEAD OF HIM





DICK'S KEEN BRAIN FORGES A DARING PLAN ..

THIS WILL  
DO HOW  
MUCH IS IT?

THAT'S THE VERY BEST  
WE HAVE IN STOCK -  
IT WILL BE A DOLLAR  
AND A QUARTER!



A MINUTE LATER ..

GOT THAT ADDRESS  
BUTLET I'LL TAKE  
WHERE BUNK IS? I'M  
GOING TO LET HIM CAP-  
TURE ME AND I'LL NEED  
THE BATMAN TO COME  
THROUGH IN ONE PIECE?



YOU'RE GOING TO-  
WHAT? ARE YOU  
OUT OF YOUR MIND?  
DICK! HELLO!  
HE'S HUNG UP!



EXIT POLICE WAYNE - AND  
ENTER THE BATMAN!

IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SO  
CARELESS OF HIS OWN  
SAFETY! WELL, IT  
WON'T TAKE ME LONG  
TO REACH HIM!

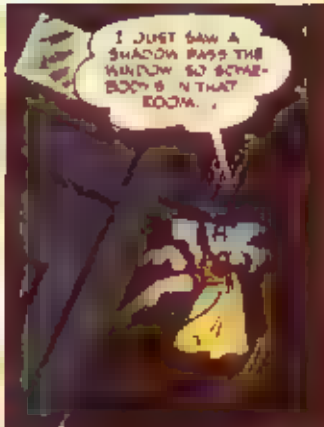


IN A DESERTED BUILDING  
ENTRANCE ANOTHER LIGHTNING  
CHANCE OF COSTUME TAKES  
PLACE.

I'VE GOT TO DO IT!  
I CAN'T AFFORD TO  
FAIL! I'VE GOT TO BE  
NEAR HER WHEN THINGS  
START POPPING!



I JUST SAW A  
SHADOW PASS THE  
WINDOW SO SOME-  
BODY'S IN THAT  
ROOM.



WITHIN THE ROOM

MY POOR LITTLE  
SICKY YOU -  
YOU'RE  
ALL  
RIGHT?

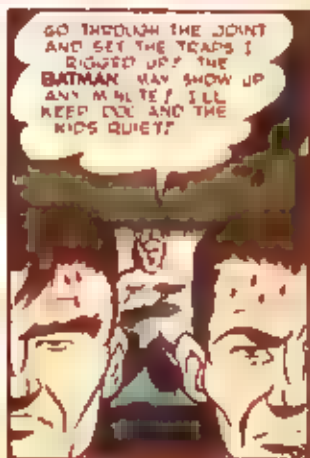
DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT ME  
DAD? DO  
WHAT THEY  
TELL YOU AND  
MAYBE THEY'LL  
LET US GO!

CUT OUT THE SOB  
STUFF! I'M THE  
PATIENT'S THE  
GIRL AIN'T  
GOT NO  
BULLETS IN  
HER YET!



IF YA DON'T PULL BASS THROUGH  
YA KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN  
TO YOU AND THE NO?









CUNNING AND TREACHERFUL DEVICES ARE SET ..

THE BATMAN  
WILL BE SURE  
HE EVER TANGLED  
WITH US BEFORE  
HE'S THROUGH!

WHAT A SKULL  
CRUMBER HUN  
LOLO?  
BUTS IN A  
GENIUS?

AT THAT MOMENT AN ODD GAUGH CAR DIS-  
CHARGES A LITHE, VIVID FIGURE AT THE  
CORNER - THE BATMAN!

THERE'S NOT AN INSTANT TO LOSE!  
BUSS IS MERCILESS! MY BEST  
CHANCE IS TO ATTACK SO FAST  
HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

SECONDS LATER

LIFE  
OPPORTUNITY  
I KNOW  
JUST ONCE-  
BUT HARD!

IN ABOUT A  
SECOND HE'LL  
BE OUT-  
COLD!

YIIIIH  
HE'S  
IN?

AND AS THE BATMAN'S FOOT TOUCHES A  
HIDDEN BUTTON

YOU'RE  
ALL  
WASHED  
UP -

OOOOOHH

WAS I  
RIGHT,  
OO  
WAS I  
RIGHT?

TAKE A  
DANDER  
GUYS - WE  
GOT A  
PRESENT  
FOR YAP

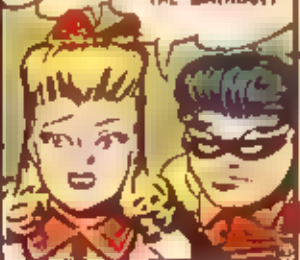
THE  
BATMAN'S  
OUR  
WORRIES  
ARE  
OVER!

I DIDN'T  
COUNT ON  
THIS  
NOW IT'S  
UP TO ME  
AND I  
DON'T CARE  
THINK WHAT  
WILL HAPPEN  
IF I FAIL?

WHAT A BREAK! WHEN  
THE BATMAN COMES TO  
IM JOKER PUT HIM OUT  
AGAIN - FOR KEEPS!

OH ROBIN-  
IT'S WORSE  
THAN THE  
WORST  
NIGHTMARE  
I EVER HAD!  
CAN'T  
YOU DO  
SOMETHING?

FOR YOU,  
MARJORIE I  
CAN DO ANY-  
THING!  
THAT IS - I  
MEAN FOR  
YOU AND MY  
FRIEND, DICKIE  
TO SAY  
NOTHING OF  
THE BATMAN!





FOR IS ROBIN SCREAMING  
IDLY - FOR AS HIS FINGER  
CURLS THE OBJECT HE  
BOUGHT IN THE HARDWARE  
STORE SLICES THROUGH  
THE HEAVY LEATHER OF  
HIS GLOVES!



A TINY SECTION OF  
HACKSAW BLADE RAZOR-  
SHARP IS TURNED  
AGAINST THE ROBBERS THAT  
HOLD HIM POWERLESS



AS THE WHIRLS OF IMMENSITY LIFT  
FROM HIS BEAM THE BATMAN LOOKS  
DEATH IN THE FACE - NOT FOR THE FIRST  
TIME!

I'M WOUNDED AND I'M  
SICK - BUT I'M A  
BETTER MAN THAN  
YOU ARE, BATMAN!  
YOU'RE DRAWING MY  
LAST BREATH  
RIGHT NOW!

BY KILLING ME,  
BOY, YOU'RE  
DOOMING YOURSELF!  
ONE OF  
THESE DAYS THE  
ELECTRIC CHAIR  
WILL CATCH UP  
WITH YOU!



EVEN AS THE KILLER'S TROUBLED FINGER TWISTERS,  
& SMALL BUT ADILE BODY MOVES WITH FANTASTIC  
SPEED - AND

WHILE THEY'RE DUSTING OFF  
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR THIS  
ONE WILL HAVE TO DO!

AAAAA  
BOOM!



SHOTS COME OUT WILDLY AS THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S  
HERO-WOMEN FIGHT DESPERATELY.

YA AIN'T GETTIN'  
AWAY WITH IT!



THEN YOU AIN' HAD  
BETTER IMPROVE IN  
A HURRY!



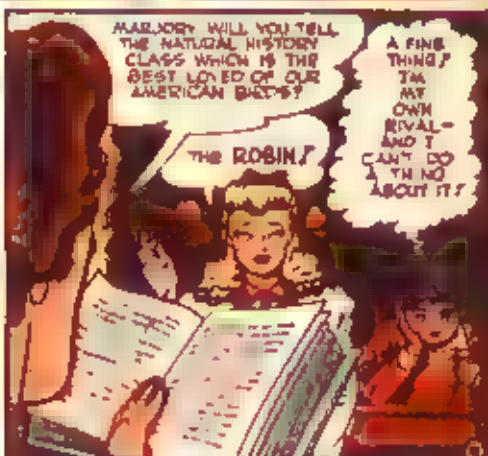
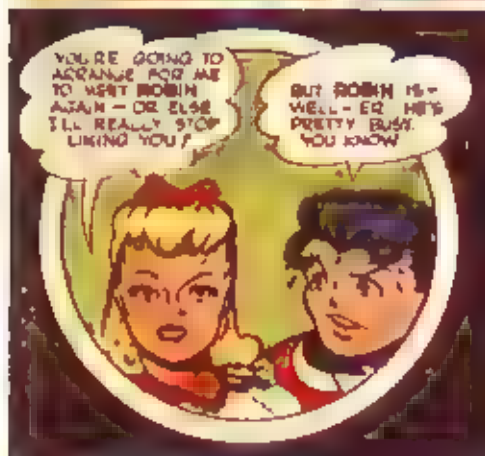
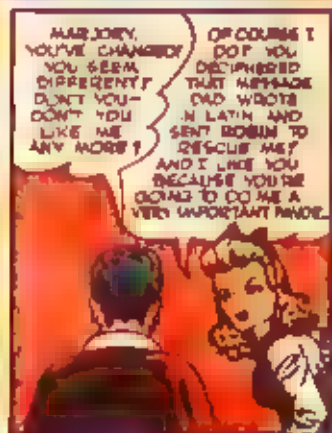
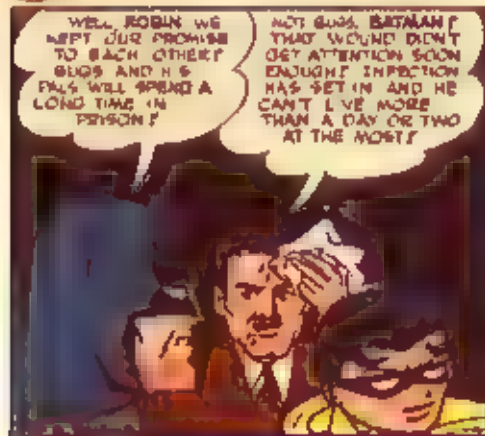
THIS WON'T KILL  
YOU - BUT YOU'LL  
BE AS GOOD AS  
DEAD FOR QUITE  
A WHILE!



YES - BUT WE HAD  
YOU PICKED OUT FOR  
MY BULLETS?

NO FEAR!  
I HAD  
LOOKED  
PICKED  
OUT FOR  
MYSELF!









FOLLOW  
BATMAN  
and ROBIN  
EVERY MONTH  
IN  
DETECTIVE COMICS



NOW ON SALE

EVERYWHERE





"Gick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn't know that Pee Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

SMART BOY, PEE WEE. HE KNOWS THAT A FAVORITE TRAINING DISH OF MANY STAR-PERFORMERS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU GET MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF WHEATIES. ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT PACKED IN BIG, GOLD-EN FLAKES THAT ARE ROASTED AND TOASTED AND DELICIOUSLY

FLAVORED WITH RICH MALT SYRUP. SMART EATING AND SWELL TASTING... THAT'S MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT 644, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY.



**"Breakfast of Champions"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, Inc.



FOLKS, HERE'S  
A NEW NOTION ON  
VICTORY BUILDING  
THAT WILL POSITIVELY  
MAKE YOU WANT  
THROW YOUR LOSTON  
BOOKS AWAY -  
LISTEN!

# RAISE ANDY

ANDY REALLY  
EGGOS TO TOWN  
(OUR SCENARIO)  
ON THIS NUMBER  
AND IF YOU FOLLOW  
HIS DIRECTIONS TO  
THE LETTER YOUR  
PARDNER WILL BEAT  
WIDE OPEN WITH  
THE GREATEST  
DELL-BLACK EVER  
PRODUCED -  
FOLLOW DIRECTIONS  
CAREFULLY  
- F. B. -

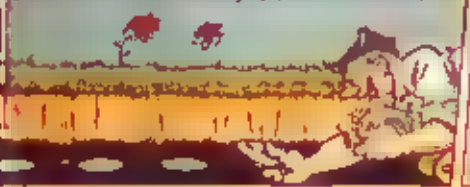
FIRST - AND THIS IS OF THE GREATEST  
IMPORTANCE, TURN THE SOIL UP YOUR  
SIDE OF COURTESY LEAVIN' IT DOWN IN  
OTHER WAYS INSIDE OUT, OR AS WE  
SAY AT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, BOTTOMS  
UP!



THEN, WHILE THE SOIL IS STILL SOME-LEAF,  
PREPARE TEN EXCELLE PARFUM POTT OAKS -  
(LORNGRASS) NEEED PLANTY 9X9X3



NEXT - AS SOON AS PARFUM WATERS HAVE  
COOLED PLANT THEM ONE FOOT BELOW  
THE SURFACE EAKING AND THIS IS  
(MOST IMPORTANT TOO) SIX INCHES APART



NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE NEXT  
PLANT SEEDS - AS WATERS OAKS - PLANTED  
TOWARDS - (LORNGRASS) 9X9X3 ETC ETC ETC  
PLANTED 3 - INCHES DEEP PARFUM DISCS



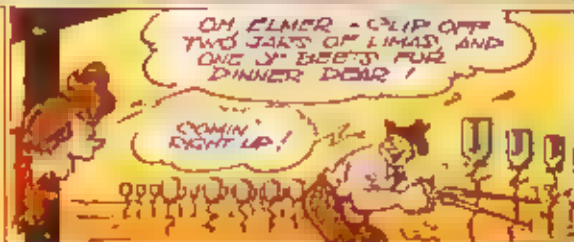
NEXT - (AND HERE'S THE TRICKY PART) INSERT  
EXACTLY TEN DOZEN PRESERVING JARS  
(UPSIDE DOWN) DIRECTLY ABOVE SEEDS -



NOW JUST LOOK ON YOUR PORCH FOR THE  
REST OF THE SEASON, AND JUST LET NATURE  
TAKE ITS COURSE



RESULT - THE VEGETABLES  
WILL GROW STRAIGHT UP!  
- INTO THE PRESERVING JARS -  
- THE PARFUM DISCS, DRAWN  
UP BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN,  
WILL COOL THE JARS AIR TIGHT -  
- THE STEAMS OF THE PLANTS  
WILL FORCE THE ENTIRE COOP  
UP KNEE HIGH FOR CUTTING  
AND LASTLY - YOU NOW MERELY  
TOP THE JARS FOR STORAGE -  
THE END  
(P.S. WE'LL BE OVER FOR DINNER)



OH, ELMER - CLIP OFF  
TWO JARS OF LIMAS AND  
ONE 3" BEE'S FOR  
DINNER DEAR!

COMIN'  
RIGHT UP!

TSK-TSK! -  
I SHOULD HAVE  
THOUGHT OF ASPARAGUS!



## Adventures

## ALFRED

WHEN CRIME BECOMES  
A COURSE ON A  
WEEK-END MENU,  
ALFRED SERVES UP  
A SOUFFLE OF  
SUPER SLEUTHING  
AS HE ABANDONS  
HIS RELUCTANT  
ROLE OF...

"BORROWED  
BUTLER!"

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN  
THE WAYNE HOUSEHOLD.

ER, ALFRED--  
I WAS WONDER-  
ING - THAT IS--  
WOULD YOU  
MIND DOING ME  
A FAVOR?

A FAVOR, SIR?  
WHY, MOST  
ASSUREDLY!  
SOME PROBLEM  
IN SLEUTHING  
THAT REQUIRES MY  
SERVICES, PERHAPS?

THE  
TRUTH IS, ALFRED,  
MRS VAN UPSHART  
NEEDS YOU FOR  
THE WEEK-END  
SO SHE ASKED

WELL--UH--NOT EXACTLY, ALFRED, OLD  
FELLOW. YOU SEE-- I'M UNDER  
AN OBLIGATION TO  
OUR NEIGHBOR,  
MRS. VAN UPSHART,  
AND...



MASTERY  
BRUCE, SIR--  
IS THIS TRUE?  
AM I TO BE  
BORROWED  
OUT?

NOW, ALFRED--  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
PUT IT LIKE THAT!  
YOU SEE, SHE HAS  
WEEK-END GUESTS  
COMING - AND HER  
BUTLER IS ILL...  
AND...

WELL, SIR--  
SINCE WE CAN'T  
SET OUT OF IT,  
I PRESUME I  
MUST GO

GOOD  
SOLDIER,  
ALFRED! I  
KNEW YOU'D  
DO IT!



SO LATER, WE FIND AN UNHAPPY AND RELUCTANT ALFRED RECEIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE HEEDY HOME OF MRS VAN LUPART.

ALFRED, THE DINNER FOR MY VISITING NEPHEW OSWALD MUST GO SMOOTHLY. THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE GUESTS YOU WON'T BE OVERWORKED. AND NOW, I MUST RETURN TO THE DINING ROOM...

BATMAN... I MEAN ABSOLUTELY!

NOW, OSWALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST VISIT TO GOTHAM CITY?

FRANKLY ALFRED... IT'S A DULL TOWN!

WHM... MAYBE IF I SPILL THE SALAD ON HER DEAR NEPHEW... BUT NO, IT WOULD BE A REFLECTION ON MR WAYNE...

WHAT? DULL? NOT WITH THE CELEBRATED BATMAN AROUND! THAT FELLOW IS TERRIFIC! EVERY DAY...

OH, YES, SIR THE BATMAN IS...

ALFRED! YOU WILL SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!

ER... BEG PARDON, MA AM!

SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

BATMAN, MR PIPER, I WHY, I'M SURE HE'S JUST OVER-RATED. NO MAN CAN BE THAT GOOD.

THAT YOUNG BOUNDER HE CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT BATMAN IN MY PRESENCE! I HOPE MR PIPER PUTS HIM IN HIS PLACE!

YOU READ TOO MANY NEWSPAPERS, PIPER.

WELL, I'D STILL HATE TO HAVE HIM AROUND IF I WERE A CROOK!

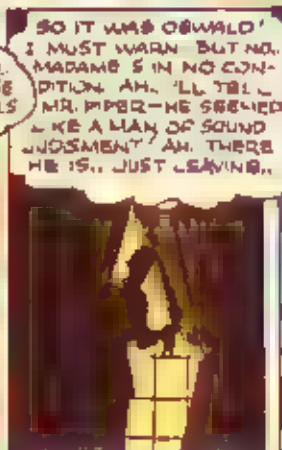
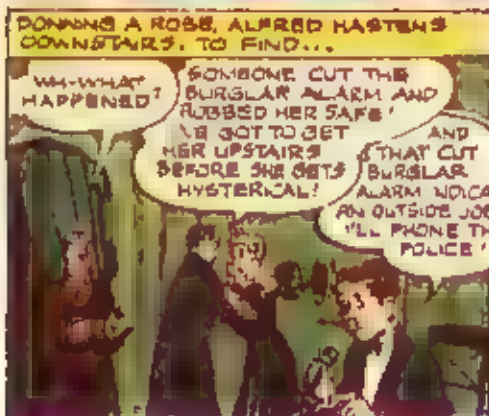
NONSENSE! BATMAN IS ONLY AN ORDINARY... YOW!!

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW... COPS... BEG PARDON, SIR!

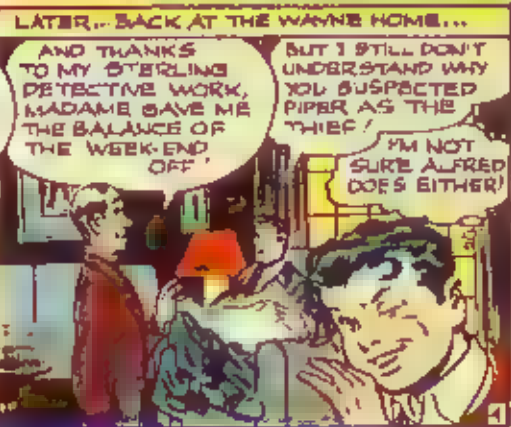
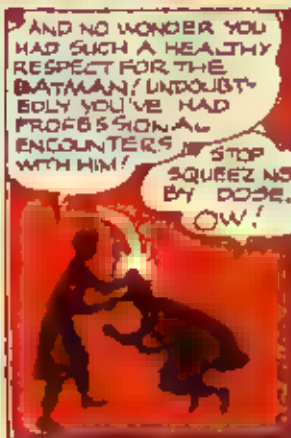
ALFRED, YOU CLUMSY FOOL!

MY FINGERS... THAT MATCH BURNED THEM! OWOWOW!

HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING, ALFRED! OSWALD, THERE'S SOME TANNIC ACID OINTMENT IN THE MEDICINE CHEST THAT'LL SOOTHE YOUR HANDS...







# ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

by Tod Lowry

THEY had been here a whole week now, the two of them. It was a beautiful time of the year to visit this part of the country, and the mountain climbing season was in full swing. Behind the Van Dyke and the altered nose, Hardy plotted the murder of Canby. Or, you might say, it wasn't really being plotted. That had been done months ago. All that remained now was the execution.

Sitting at his usual table in the bar, Hardy looked out at the high peak of Mt. Colony. To look at Hardy, it would be difficult to imagine him a murderer. He looked more like a professor, or a lecturer—or is there any difference?—than a man who had the blood of many victims on his hands. But Hardy was a dealer in death. He was a spy and he sold his knowledge to the highest bidder. Wars, oddly enough did not interest Hardy personally. They were only business to him.

But he personally was interested in Canby. Why? Because Canby was a high-ranking diplomat who carried locked within a shrewd brain, secrets worth a king's ransom or a country's freedom? No, not that. Canby was a spy, too, a prince among espionage agents. And it was because of Canby that Hardy had lost the only woman he had ever loved, Michèle. She had been his most trusted agent, and his most assured source of revenue.

Michèle! As Hardy thought of her, his fingers tightened around the whisky glass, tightened until the knuckles were white.

The glass snapped. Hardy recovered himself, quickly dabbed at the small wet spot with his napkin. Fortunately, his hands

had not been cut. A waiter hurried over, dashed at the spot, then hurried away and bath again with a fresh drink "Sorry," Hardy said. "It was very clumsy of me."

The waiter smiled. "Accidents will happen. Mr. White," he said. His eyes looked at the old-fashioned cuckoo clock. "I guess Mr. Canby will be down any minute. Incidentally, the cook has packed your lunch. It's quite a climb up old Colony, you know."

Hardy said he knew it was. The waiter walked away.

Michael Hardy thought of her again. He wasn't trying this time, as he had so often in the past, to keep from his memory the scene that had been related to him. The bare white wall, the rising ball of red sun, its fiery shafts glinting on rifle barrels levelled at a frail figure.

Michèle! Dead. She would never have been caught had not Canby tipped off the military. It had taken time, years, to find out who had been responsible. He had known all along Michèle couldn't possibly have slipped up. She had been too experienced, too wise in the way of traitors.

And then, slowly, ever so slowly, the information had begun to trickle in. A little gossip in Vienna, some talk in London, an idle thought in Moscow . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . he had done it.

And now, today, Canby would pay.

Hardy smiled, said: "Good morning, Professor Canby. I was afraid you were going to call off our date."

"Nonsense." Canby was small, with a high forehead, intelligent eyes. He really liked mountain climbing. For a week he had

been trying to get a party together to scale Mt. Colony. He had done it three times before. But this present group of vacationers were amateurs, they had shied away from the perilous heights of the majestic mountain.

Then he had met this man called White, who had been a bit timorous at first. Together they had done some climbing, enough for him, Canby the expert to see that this man could climb Colony. It wouldn't be a real vacation without going up again.

They had discussed it last night in the bar. And White had agreed to make the trip. Of course, Canby thought now, the man was a little afraid. He had sensed it in the way he had tried to make a joke. "Don't forget, Professor, I've got a lot of employees depending on me. It's all right getting up, but I want to make sure I come down. The right way."

Canby had laughed and said: "Don't worry, Mr. White. I'll take care of you."

He meant it too. This White would be worth cultivating. He was an old man who had an interest in shipyards. Already, through the strange channels through which spy news travels, news of England's entry into the war was rising. It was only a matter of weeks now, instead of months. And a man who built ships might prove very useful.

Canby watched amusedly as White rose from his seat. Why, the man's hands were actually shaking!

"You're sure you want to go up?" Canby asked, half-hoping for a refusal. A scared man never got far on a mountain climb. It was foolish to go out with one, all the group-

patients would have been for naught.

"More than anything in the world," Hardy said.

"Let's go then," Canby said. They said goodbye to the waiter and the bartender in the early morning stillness of the room, their climbing boots as they walked across the rough board floor sounded like marching feet.

Knapacks were packed and waiting for them. The picks and the rope were alongside them. Canby immediately assumed command.

The sun was only a thin sliver of red, yawning and stretching itself lazily in the East as they reached the foot of the mountains. The air was sharp and bracing.

"We picked a wonderful day for the climb," Canby said happily. "We couldn't have picked a better." He smiled. "By such time, we'll be on top looking down on these mortals below."

Hardy said nothing. He felt that he couldn't trust himself to speak. His single glance at the sun had rushed back into his mind thoughts of Michele! Her hair had been red as that sun once—and so had her blood!

He blinked his eyes to wipe out the murder in them. He had waited a long time for this, nothing—nothing—nothing—must prevent the murder that was to be.

Everything had been set in place like the parts in a perfect Swiss watch. Everything would go off just as smoothly, Hardy knew. It would go off the way he had planned it. There would be no hitch. Two men would go up this mountainside. Only one man would return.

And that man would be Hardy.

In his mind's eye, Hardy pictured himself coming down. His face would be white; he would be breathless, his hands would be cut and bleeding and his clothing would be torn. People would say that a man as frigh-

ened as he, coming down alive after such a tragedy, must have been touched with the devil's own luck.

And he would say "I slipped, and poor Canby tried to grab me. He managed to get my collar pulled me to safety. And then, he slipped and went over!"

A hero! It would leave Canby a hero! Why not? After all, heroes were a dime a dozen. And when a man performs a heroic act to save the life of his friend, the authorities are not suspicious, they do not question too closely. Hardy smiled grimly. The gendarmes would shrug and say: "Mountain climbing accidents will happen, *Monsieur*. They cannot be helped. It is Fate."

Well, he, Hardy, was going to help Fate along this time.

Such were the thoughts that buoyed him up all during the long, agonizing climb, a climb in which he studied Canby's back, a climb on which he reflected the latter's murder. He granted when, nearing the top, Canby shouted over the wind "You're doing fine. White! I'll make a real climber out of you yet!" He was feeling exhilarated in the fine, sharp air.

And then at last they were there. They stretched out for a moment, because they were spent and tired. Hardy was the last to get up, not because he was the weaker of the two (if only Canby knew how many mountains he, Hardy had climbed these past few years in preparation for this moment!), but because he wanted to think. This was the last part to be put into motion, the last precious part.

Now, still roped, they stood beside each other, two murderers who preferred to be known as business men, dealers in secrets and looked at the magnificent view. Below them chalets like tiny doll houses, dotted the green landscape.

Canby drank in deep draughts of the clear, sharp air. The sun was high and bright, "It's beautiful, isn't it, White,

beautiful. It makes you happy to be alive."

He did not notice that Hardy had stepped behind him and slipped from the safety rope. Hardy wanted no mistake on balance. The balance of murder had to be in his power!

Hardy was surprised to find his body trembling. He said "She would have loved it. She loved life too."

Canby turned, his eyes puzzled. "She White?"

"Michele!" Hardy snapped and murder leaped from his eyes.

Canby's arms thrust out defensively. Hardy had not counted on Canby's over-normal intellect.

"You're Hardy!" Canby gasped at the farmer's strong hands clutched his throat. He struggled in demonic, wild fury and for a moment Hardy took another step back.

But this was his moment of fury, his moment of anger, his time of revenge. This was his murder and he would not be cheated of it! A roar came from his throat and all the pent-up venom of years coursed through his body, turned it into a projectile of iron, a juggernaut of death, a strength no power on earth could at this moment withstand.

A scream burst from Canby's throat as his body hurtled through space, arrowed toward a peaceful valley 13,000 feet below a valley that all too soon would be torn and bleeding and resound to the rumble of guns and the marching of men. The scream echoed through the high spaces of the valley swallowing up, absorbing every other sound. Even the other screams, the one that tore from the throat of Hardy as his frantic fingers clutched at the rope which had wound itself taut around his ankle, the rope into which he had stepped, and whose other end was around the falling body of Canby.

"Accidents will happen," the gendarmes, viewing the shattered bodies, said later. "It is Fate."



# BATMAN

WITH

## ROBIN

**A POLICE  
DIVISION STORY**

IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, JOIN THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE! COURAGEOUS AND RESOURCEFUL, THESE COLORFUL RED-COATED LAWYEN PATROL A BEAT LARGER THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD... FROM THE BLUE PACIFIC TO THE STORMY ATLANTIC FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE FAR FROZEN ARCTIC AND THEIR MOTTO—"THE MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET THE B WANK!"—IS NO OLE GLOGAN, AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** SWIFTLY LEARN WHEN THEY TEAM UP WITH THE POLICE FORCE OF THE NORTHERN W. DERNESS TO TRAP A GREWD AND REVORSELESS BAND OF...

**"PELT PROBLEMS!"**


ON VACATION IN CANADA'S REMOTE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, NEAR HUDSON BAY TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES TRACK THE FLEET CAR-BOY-SOCIETY PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

IT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THE NOISY CITY AND CROOK-CHASING?

YOU SAID IT, BRUCE! NOW IF WE CAN ONLY FIND SOMETHING TO HUNT?



SUDDENLY...  
ARE! ARE!  
NO, YOU DON'T!  
GET HIM, YOU MUGGS!

SOMEONE'S GOING ON! WE'D BETTER HURRY DATE?

WHAT?



THE MUTTS STOPPED TO FIGHT OVER THE MEAT WE THREW 'EM LIKE THE BOSS SAID THEY WOULD!

HOW KAYO TH'S CHUMP AND GRAB THE FUR!

A HOLDUP— HERE IN THE NORTH WOODS? C MON DICK?



SPLIT SECONDS LATER, DOUBLE DISASTER STRIKES THE GANG AS BATMAN AND ROBIN SPRING INTO ACTION!



YOW!  
LOOK WHO'S HERE! OUTA MY WAY!

DON'T BREAK IT UP, BATS! LEAVE THAT TO US!

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW MAKIN' YOU GUYS STAY IN THE CITY, WHERE YOU BELONG? DOOF!

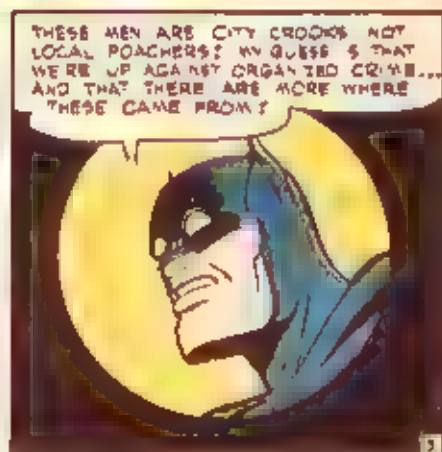
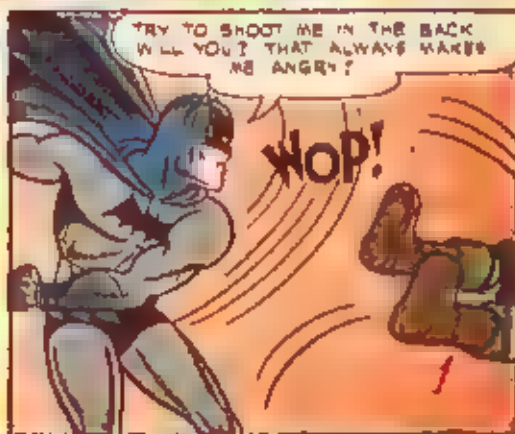
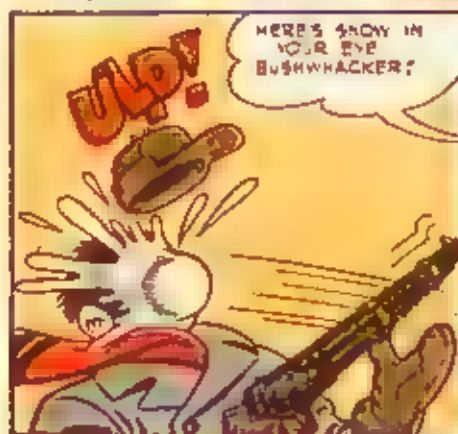
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEEDED EVERYWHERE!



WE'VE GOT HIM OUTHUMBERED, BOYS! LET'S FINISH HIM!



YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?







A SHREWD GUESS, BATMAN! FOR, NOT FAR AWAY SKINNER SPORTS A NOTORIOUS GANG LEADER FROM THE STATES—CONVERSING WITH SOME OF HIS HENCHMEN!

BOY, THIS WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, SKINNER. COMING TO HERE TO PULL THE JOB! IT'S BETTER CITY STUFF.

NATURALLY, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FRESH AIR AND LOTS OF DOUGH—AND NO BATMAN GUMMING AROUND TO MAKE "TROUBLE."



THESE LOCAL VOGUES KNOW THEMSELVES AS "TRAPPING BEAVERS" ALL YEAR—AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS JUMP IN WITH OUR MODERN CRIME METHODS AND GRAB OFF THE REINS!



NEARLY WE CAN GET BACK HERE AND GO BACK TO THE STATES TO SPEND THE COIN!

NO, WHY? THE WORD FOR ME KNOWS JACK WE'RE GONNA TAKE THE JOB! NOW THIS JOB IS A PLANNING, FOR INSTANCE... LISTEN CLOSE!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MUCH OBLISHED, BATMAN! THOSE CROOKS YOU BROUGHT IN MUST BE PART OF THE BIG GANG OF FUR ROBBERS THAT'S REEKNING ON THIS TERRITORY!

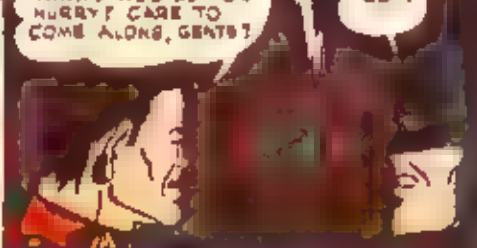
THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING IN OVER THE RADIO, SERGEANT! ANOTHER ROBBERY GOING ON!



A NUMBER OF TRAPPERS TRAVELING TOGETHER FOR SAFETY ARE BEING ATTACKED NEAR APPOMATOX WHILE TAKING THE FURS TO MARKET? SEND REINFORCEMENTS QUICKLY!

THAT'S THIRTY MILES AWAY! WE'D BETTER HURRY! CARE TO COME ALONG, GENTS?

YOU BET!



THE MOUNTIES USE HORSES, DON'T THEY? THEN HOW WILL THEY GO THIRTY MILES IN TIME TO STOP THAT ROBBERY?

YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE!

COME ON, MEN!

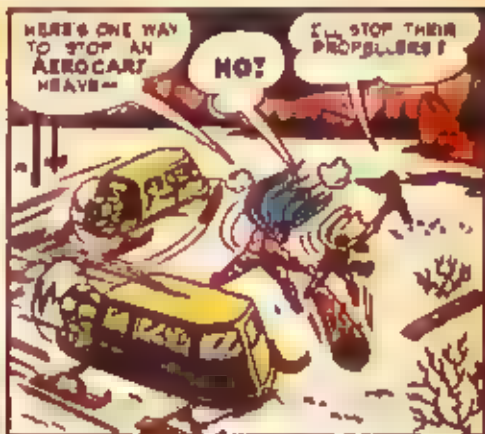
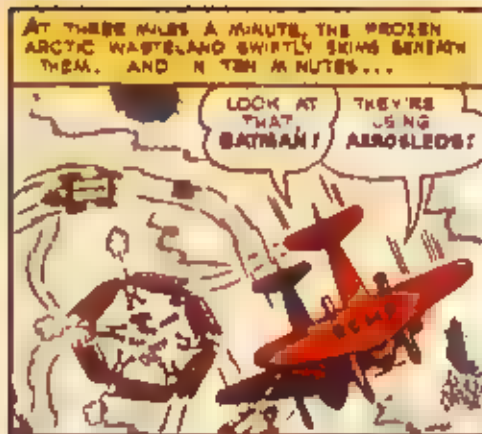


MOMENTS LATER.

I GET IT—THE MOUNTIES AREN'T ALWAYS MOUNTED?

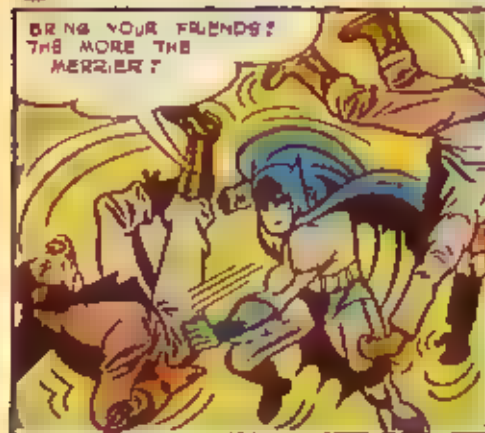
RIGHT, ROBIN? THEY STILL USE HORSES—BUT THEY ALSO USE EVERY DEVICE KNOWN TO SCIENCE TO COMBAT CRIME!







BRING YOUR FRIENDS?  
THE MORE THE  
MERRIER?



MEANWHILE, THE MOUNTIES ARE NOT  
EXACTLY SITTING AROUND WATCHING  
THE DYNAMIC DUO IN ACTION?

TH'S LL SMOKE  
OUT THOSE  
AMBUSHERS?



WE GIVE UP  
(SOB)?

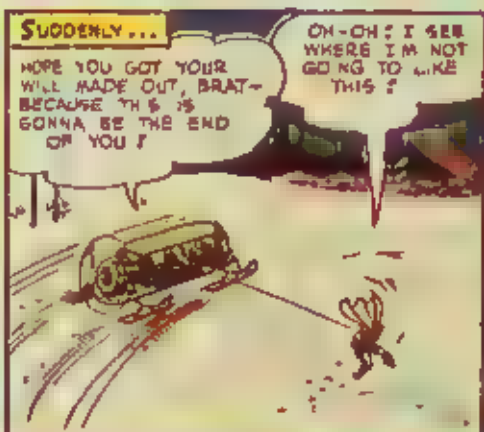
SOB?  
SOB?



SUDDENLY...

HOPE YOU GOT YOUR  
WILL MADE OUT, BRAT-  
BECAUSE TH'S IS  
GONNA BE THE END  
OF YOU?

OH-OH: I SEE  
WHERE I'M NOT  
GOING TO LIKE  
THIS?

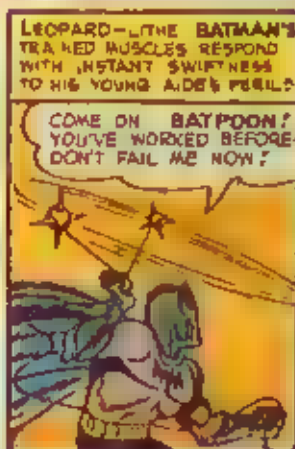


HE'S BEING DRAGGED  
INTO A LINE OF BEAVER  
TRAPS? HE'LL BE KILLED?



LEOPARD-LIKE BATMAN'S  
TRAINED MUSCLES RESPOND  
WITH INSTANT SWIFTNESS  
TO HIS YOUNG AIDE'S PERIL?

COME ON BATPOON!  
YOU'VE WORKED BEFORE-  
DON'T FAIL ME NOW?







THEN, A LONG DAREDEVIL LEAP  
THROUGH SPACE.



OUT OF MY WAY, RATS! IF I'M NOT  
IN TIME TO SAVE ROBIN, ILL-ILL-



A POWERFUL, FRANTIC TWIST OF THE  
STEERING WHEEL AND...



IN THE MEANTIME, THE STREAMLINED  
RED-COATED POLICE FORCE HAS BEEN  
OPERATING WITH DEADLY PRECISION,  
GRABBING THE GUN-STATS WITH  
JERRING BULLETS.

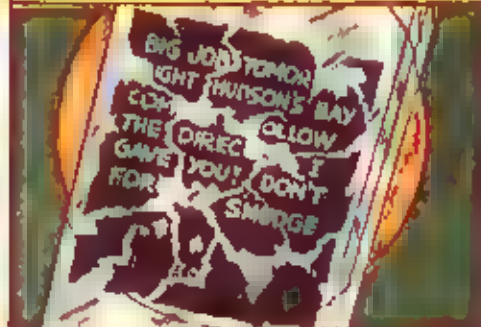
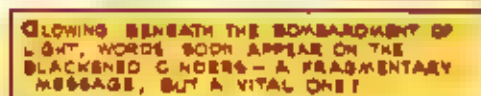
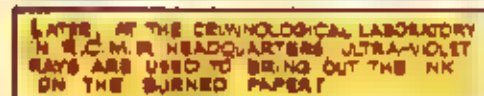
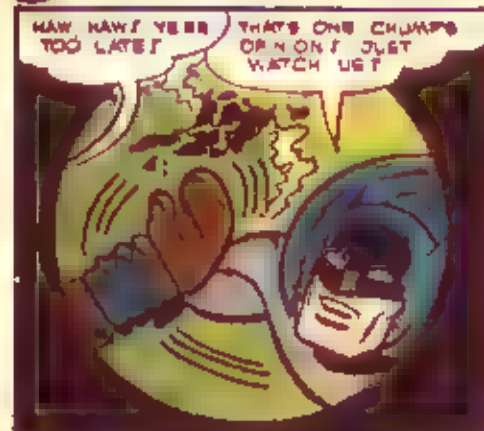


AND THE TRAMMERS CONTRIBUTE THE  
EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP OF MEN BORN  
TO HUNTING?



AND SOON, THE GANG IS ROUNDED UP IN  
UTTER DEFEAT!







MOMENTS LATER BLOWING CLOUDS OF SMOKE BAIRN EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE?



NOW SKINNER?

GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO GET INSIDE! THEN FOLLOW ME!

OK, BOSS! THEY'RE LOCKED IN DE WHERE THEY CAN'T BOTHER US ANY!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN TAKE OUR TIME SETTING THE WAREHOUSES! PRETTY CLEVER HUNT!



VERY NOISY indeed, SKINNER! BUT THERE'S A MAN YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT—A MAN WITH A SCARLET TUNIC IN A LOOKOUT TOWER ON A HILLTOP, SOME MILES AWAY...



FIRE—AT THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FUR WAREHOUSES! THIS MUST BE WHAT THE SERGEANT TOLD US TO BE ON GUARD FOR!

THREE CODE CRACKLES THROD ON THE ETHER... AND IN A SHORT WHILE, FIREBOATS SWARM IN FROM SEAWARD!



AND ON LAND, HALF-TRACK FIRE TRUCKS RUMBLE UP, 50-FT AND POWERFUL VEHICLES THAT CAN CRASH THROUGH THE THICKEST FORESTS AND DEEPEST SNOW DRIFTS!



MEANTIME...

HEY SKINNERS! THE MOUNTIES ARE COMIN' AT US WITH FIRE-BOATS AND TRUCKS!

DON'T LET 'EM SEE US AND BURNY-THINGLL BE OKAY! WHEN WE'RE KNOWNED AROUND WE'LL SKID OUT OF HERE SO FAST THEY WON'T E.V. KNOW WE'RE GONE!







BUT THE SHARP EYES OF THE MOUNTED POLICE HAVE ALWAYS CAUSED TROUBLE FOR CRIMINALS ..



YOU'RE RIGHT! EVERYONE ON THE ALERT! CLOSE IN ON IT!

LOOK AT THAT BOAT THERE, SERGEANT! THAT SHT ONE OF THE COMPANY'S BOATS?



WE FINISHED TOO LATE! THEY'RE COMIN RIGHT AT US!

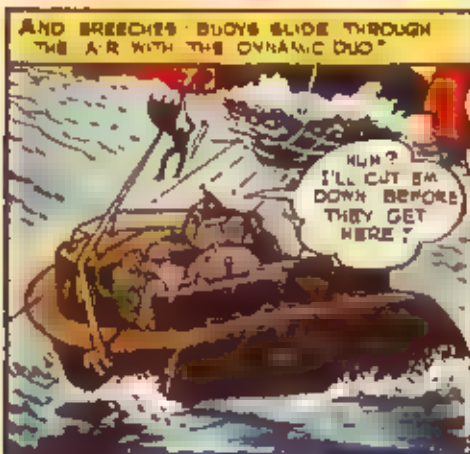
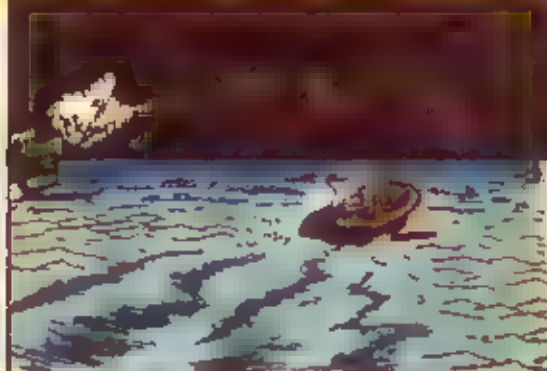
LET 'EM! I'LL FILL 'EM FULL OF LEAD AND SINK 'EM!



THEY THINK BULLETS WILL STOP US, EN? GET THE ONE-POUNDER'S READY!

LET ME TRY SOMETHING FIRST, SERGEANT! YOU KEEP US COVERED WITH A LOW BARRAGE, SO THEY WON'T DARE TO LIFT THEIR HEADS!

A POWERFUL SMALL GUN ROARS WITH DEADLY AIM ..



AND BREECHES BUOYS SLIDE THROUGH THE A-R WITH THE DYNAMIC DUO!

HUH? I'LL CUT 'EM DOWN BEFORE THEY GET HERE!



GET DOWN, SKINNER! YOU'LL GET PLUGGED!

NOT TILL I PLUG 'EM FIRST!



AS THE BOY WONDER HITS THE WATER, THE SPLASH ATTRACTS A RAVENOUS WALRUS, ROAMING THE BAY FOR FOOD...

UNFORTUNATELY GOT TO WORK FAST—

OK, BOY AM I IN A SPOT! I CAN'T SWIM FASTER THAN THE WALRUS... AND BATMAN IS TOO BUSY TO HELP ME!



SORRY, BATG! CLEANUP TIME! I'M IN A BIG HURRY!

INSTANTLY LATER, THE FLEET SPEED-BOAT BEARS DOWN ON THE IMPERILED ROBIN... AND...

GULP! A LITTLE MORE OF THIS AND MY HAIR'LL TURN GRAY— AND AT MY AGE?

G-GOLLY! I WAS AFRAID I WOULDN'T MAKE IT IN TIME!



MEANWHILE, THE RESOURCEFUL MOUNTIES— THOUGH HANDICAPPED BY THEIR LUMBERING CRAFT— HAVE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO THOROUGHLY SUBDUCE THE GREEDY BATG!

SLURP! —GULP! WE SURRENDER!



AND SO, LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN LANDED AND JAILED...

SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY! WE SURE COULD USE YOU TWO ON THE FORCE!

COMING FROM A MOUNTIE, THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT!

MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL WE CAN'T IMAGINE BATMAN AND ROBIN IN THOSE RED COATS AND SOLDIER HATS?



AND PRESENTLY, BACK IN GOTHAM CITY...

THIS IS SOME PLACE TO WIND UP A VACATION... AFTER HUNTING CARIBOU IN CANADA?

AT LEAST WE KNOW WE CAN FIRE A FEW SHOTS WITHOUT ANY INTERRUPTIONS!



THE END



# HI FELLERS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO  
EARN MONEY AND PRIZES



**FOR VICTORY**

**BUY WAR STAMPS**

Uncle Sam needs your help for winning this war. You can do your share by obtaining War Stamps. Send in the coupon on the bottom of this page and learn how you can earn War Stamps and prizes by delivering Lullie's to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.



**You Can Win These PRIZES Without Cost!**

It's fun! It's easy, earning MONEY and PRIZES the Lullie's way. Don't envy other fellows who have money to spend whenever they want it. Build up a business of your own that will put CASH in your pocket every week, in addition to which you can earn War Saving Stamps and lots of swell prizes like the ones pictured on this page. All you have to do is deliver Lullie's, the popular national weekly, to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. If other fellows can pile up cash profits, War Saving Stamps and prizes—you can do it too! Remember, you earn DOLLAR cash and prizes. Don't waste another moment "wishing." Fill out and mail coupon today. Hurry! Don't let your pals beat you to it.

**TO START—** WRITE JIM THAYER, CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

**FILL OUT—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

Mr. Jim Thayer      1941, 42  
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Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Please send me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Saving Stamps.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

**"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"**

*Charles Atlas*

**I** KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only **HALF-ALIVE**.

Then I discovered "**Dynamic Tension**". It gave me a body that won for me the title "**World's Most Perfectly Developed Man**."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "**Dynamic Tension**," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

## Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "**Dynamic Tension**" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peevish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "**Dynamic Tension**" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN**.

"**Dynamic Tension**" is an entirely **NATURAL** method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "**Dynamic Tension**" does the work.



**CHARLES ATLAS**  
Holder of title,  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 828P**  
115 East 23rd Street  
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "**Dynamic Tension**" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, bushy body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**."

Name   
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

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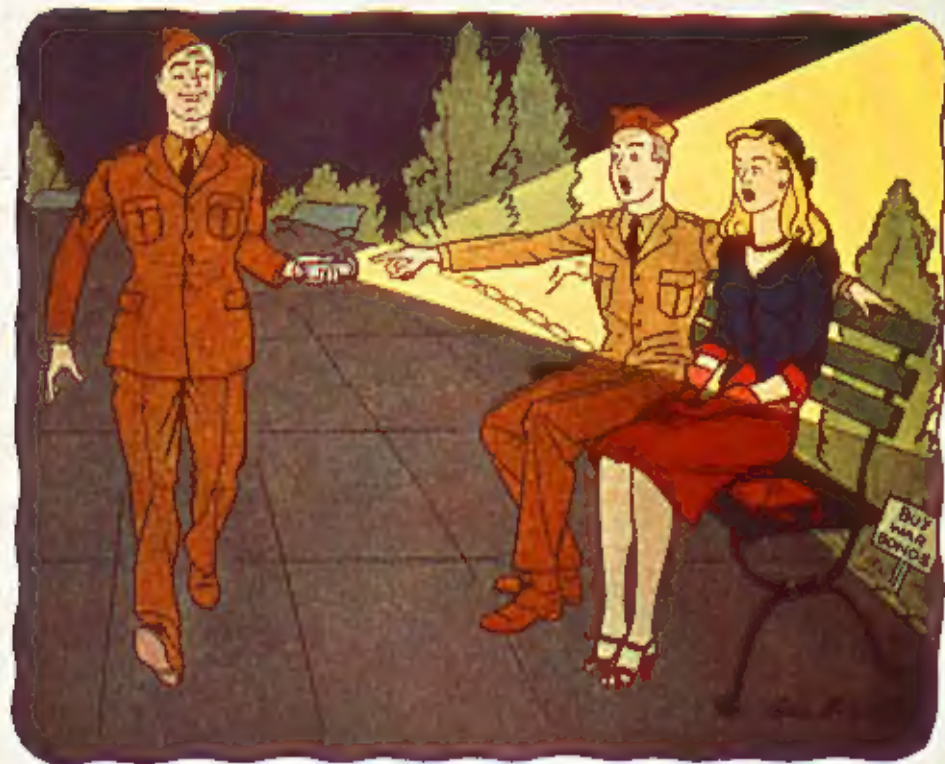
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## Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**." Tells all about my "**Dynamic Tension**" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's **FREE**. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 320P** 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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*You, personally, can save a soldier's life by giving a pint of blood to the Red Cross. They maintain Blood Donor Centers in 25 cities. Call for an appointment now!*

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LONGER... Look for  
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